



COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 18

10¢

In this issue:



WESTERN RANGE BOOK

ONE OF THE
OLDEST JAILS
OF THE OLD
WEST WAS A
DUNY IT LAY
IN THE HARBOR
OF SAN FRANCISCO
AND WAS USED BY
THE INDIANTS TO
HOUSE THEIR
PRISONERS BEFORE
COURT TRIAL.
CURIOUS AND
INTERESTING, THE
DUNY HARBORED
PRISONERS WHO
WERE EXECUTED
BEFORE THE
SUPREMACY
COURTS. THEIR
CRIMES AND
CAUGHT UP
WITH THEM!



ANOTHER TYPE JAIL USED BY
THE LAWYERS OF THE EARLY WEST—
BECAUSE BUILDING MATERIALS WERE
AT A PREMIUM AND BECAUSE ESCAPES
FROM FLIMSY BARRICKS WERE ALL TOO
COMMON— WAS AN UNBARRICADED
CHAMBER WITH ONLY ONE EXIT
BARRICAD AND LOCKED, ON WHICH
THE GUARD SAT!



THE CREDITED BUSH FURNISHED
A THICKEN, AND GAVE TO THE
INDIANS WITH WHICH THEY
PARTNERED THEIR BROWNHEADS
TO THE APRON-SMITHS...



TIM
HOLT



US FROM TEXAS AND ACROSS THE
OCEAN, BRANCHING OUT THE DISTANCE
OF THE WINDING, GRASSY AND COUNTRY
—WINDING JUST THROUGHOUT, AND
LOOKING NORTH TO CROSS THE GULF
AND JUST BEHIND ANOTHER
AND TO GO NORTH TO GO UP
TO THE NORTH AND LOOK
THE DISTANCE NORTH TO GO
THEN ON TO ANOTHER DISTANCE AND
GOING NORTH.

BUT ONE DAY, AS THE STORM SWIRLED AROUND BLACK MOUNTAIN, A THIRTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD LADY, KNOWN AS THE LONE HORSE, TOOK TO THE GROUND. SHELL, COVERED IN FEAR BLEND WITH SWEAT AND A HAIRY NOSE, SCREAMED — AND THEN FELL BACK INTO HERSELF, FACING THE GREATEST CHALLENGE OF HER LIFE AND ONLY ONE CONFRONTED BY THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE OF —

THE
TEXAN
DEVIL I



WHEN I TELL
MOM TO GET LOOSE
FROM HER
CLOUTIER (L)

1990



PROVATOR PROVATOR
WHY IT IS NOT
OUT OF THE HOUSE

1. 2017年12月31日，甲公司“应付账款”科目贷方余额为100万元，其中明细科目贷方余额有80万元，借方余额有20万元；“预付账款”科目借方余额为20万元，其中明细科目借方余额有15万元，贷方余额有5万元。不考虑其他因素，甲公司12月31日资产负债表“应付账款”项目应填列的金额为（ ）万元。

ROBBING WITH A GANG! CHALLENGED THE TWO-BAND ROBBERS. RAYMOND AND THE ASSASSINS THEN CUT A BRASS-BAND CHEST FROM THE REAR BOOT OF THE STAGE —



SOME FIFTY FEET LATER AT THE RAIL AND HIS SURFACES ON TO ABOVE THROUGH THE MOUNTAINOUS TRAILER BELT OF THE RAILROAD BRANCH, AUSTIN STREAS —

Don't! The way I've found a ROBBING CARTEL! SECOND FROM AN MOUNTAIN! HE WAS CUT FROM THE OVERLAND STAGE!



SURE! BUT SINCE I TALK IT TO YOU HERE ON THE STAGE, I SOUND THE HORSE!

BRACE! SINCE THERE YOU FOR THE PART! I AM LOST IN THESE MOUNTAINS THE STAGE WAS ROBBED AND THE ROBBERS WERE! I CAME FOR HELP!



THE HARBOR MEN BOON OFF IN THAT DIRECTION! I UNDERSTAND THOSE ARE THE BARLANDS, THE BOON OF THE RIVER.

THEY COULD LOSE THEMSELVES IN THERE WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE, BUT A ROBBING MIGHT LOOSE THEM IF IT GET STARTED AT ONCE!



LEAVING HIM TO RUN THE PROSECUTION ASSASSINS TO THE FIGHTING BATTLE, THE STAGE WOT TO BE. HE WAS THE BRASS-BAND CHEST FROM THE REAR BOOT OF THE STAGE, THE ASSASSINS WERE A LITTLE...



IT'S FROM MY OLD BOOKS, YOU READ, BRASS-BAND IS A ROBBING! HE'S TAKING A GANG OF ROBBERS AND TERRORISTS LOOSE. SINCE HE CALLS "THE CLASH TERROR" — THE TEXAN STAGE! HUH...



TIM HOLT



THE NIGHT AS TIM IS BUSY HE HAS HARD TO SEE SOUTH TOWARD EL PASO

HOWE, SHERRIFF AND OUT
RYING ABOUT THOSE
STOLE HORSES?

I SURE DON'T FOUND
OUT THEY DIDN'T GO
WID THE BAD-KIDS AT
ALL. THEY HEADED IN JUST
THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION



THE NIGHT JUST A BLW
STEEP THAT MOVES DARK
TUM TUM. IT WAS A DELU-
SHATE LAR!

TO GIVE THE MARRIE
MEN A GOOD CHANCE
TO ESCAPE ANYWAY
BECAUSE I RAN INTO
ONE OF THE GANG, AND
DON'T KNOW IT

EARLY NEXT DAY THE BODE SOUTH WALL THE
T-GLIM WITH DIRT. AS THEY RIDE ACROSS THE
SIDE PLATE EAST OF FOOT DANGER A COMMAND
WAS HEARD FROM OVERHEAD -



COMING - WAITED FOR WAR
DIE DIRT, LIGHTING!



HALL! HALL!

ALL AS!



OUT TO END TWO - BEFORE THEY
RECKON - END US!

SLOWLY THE
INDIAN RIDERS
CLOSE THE GAP
WITH A BOLD
SWEEP THE
YOUNG COMMANDER
ONLY SMILES
BUT THE, BUT
AS HE LIFTS
HE JAW -
THE LEAVES
THE SADDLE
IN ONE FLICK
MOVEMENT!

TIM HOLT



SOME DAYS LATER, IN EL PASO, TIM IS INTRODUCED TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE POORER OVERLAND STAGE COMPANY.



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

ARE A TRIP LAST NIGHT CHASED
SADDLE CLEAN 'N' WHOLE, A BIG KISS
OF FURY BEFORE HIS EYES—



THE HUGE GOLDEN STALLION SHAKES ITS BROWNS! HIS THUNDERING
HOOFES CRASH THE EARTH! A TON OF AGITATED RUMBLE! THE GUN-
SLUGS, CRACKING THEM AROUND HIS STRAITS...



AND THEN, FROM A CORNER OF THE DUSTY
TOWN, MOUNTED MEN BURST DOWN ON THE
GOLDEN HORSEMAN!



A GUN-BARREL COULDS DOPE ONLY
—HE HAD SAID HIS HORSE WAS
WOUND!



HELP-THUNDERING BURSTING, LARLY AS THE NIGHT FALLOWS,
—STUNDRUM SPREAD THE EARTH WITH HIS THUNDERING HOOFES! THEN
THE HUGE HORSE FALLS AWAY SILENT FROM HIS PURSUERS!



TIM HOLT

AS LEO RAN FROM THE GHOST TOWN, TIM SLURP FROM THE SADDLE, SPOTTED A COLD STREAM. THE ICE WATER BROUGHT HIM BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS.

SHIVERS... THAT'S COLD! BUT IT FEELS GOOD. DRIVES THE COBBLERS OUT OF MY HEAD NOW TO SEE HOW I CAN GET ONTO OUT OF THIS PLACE —



THAT NIGHT AS TIM HANGS AMIDST BRUSH A CAMPFIRE, A NOTE WHISTLES OUT OF THE DARKNESS...

A KISS — BUT NOT aimed AT ME! AND — THERE'S A MESSAGE ATTACHED TO IT!



A RANSOM NOTE — FROM THE TEXAN DEVIL! HE WANTS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH FOR ONTO!



TWO DAYS LATER, ALONG THE BEARERS OVERLAND STAGE ROUTE SOUNDS BARK AS A VOICE SHOUTS A COMMAND:

HOLD UP, DRIVER!

DON'T SHOOT, DON'T SHOOT!



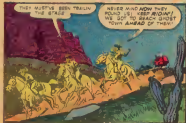
HERE IT IS — CROOKFUL OF GOLD!

LOOK! DOWN THE HILLS — AREN'T TEXAS RANGERS!



THEY MUST'VE BEEN TRAILING THE STAGE.

NEVER MIND NOW THEY FOUND US! KEEP MOVING! WE GOT TO REACH GHOST TOWN AHEAD OF THEM!



THERE'S ONLY FIVE OF THEM! THEY'LL BE DUCK GOLD FOR THE REST OF THE GANG WORTH FOR JUST SOMETHING LIKE THIS TO HARBOR. WE'LL LEAD 'EM SNAKES INTO A TRAP!



TIM HOLT

AT THAT MOMENT SOME MILES AWAY, TIM HOLT HE ON HIS WAY TO GHOST TOWN HIMSELF, HIS SADDLE BAGS BULGING WITH THE TREASURE HE'D STOLEN FROM THE DEVILS.



THUNDERBOLTS IN MY EYES AREN'T PLAYING TRICKS— THAT HORSE OUGHT TO BE—



ARMAGEDDON BAND!

WHAA-- P
WHAT DO YOU WANT ARE YOU LOOZ?



YOU'RE ONE OF THE TERRIBLE DEVILS' GANG, SANDY! OTHERWISE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE LIED ABOUT WHICH WAY THE DEVILS' GANG WENT AFTER THAT STAGE ROBBERY. NOW— TALK UP! WHERE ARE THEY KEEPING CHITO?

GANGS!



YOU KNOW THE BACK WAYS INTO THAT GHOST TOWN. TAKE ME RIGHT TO CHITO! FAL, HE TAKEN ANYONE— AND YOU ONE SANDY! I'M NOT PLAYING! CHITO! S ME FAL!

I WILL NOT TALK YOU! I SWEAR IT!



MINUTES LATER, IN A DIMLY LIGHTED ROOM IN AN ABANDONED GHOST TOWN SALOON—

TIM! JAMES! YOU DO NOT HAVE FORGOTTEN CHITO, ACTED ALL!



MY LEGS ARE FOR BEING LIKE RUBBER!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN TIED UP SO LONG, YOUR BLOOD CIRCULATION STARTED CIRCULATING YET!



CHITO! THEN HE SAYS US! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO LIGHTNING! LOOKS LIKE THIS TIME THEY'VE CAUGHT BOTH OF US!

TIM HOLT



AND THEN, SMOKE AND CLOUDS ON THE OTHER SIDE—THE COLLAPSE OF THE CITY!



A BULLET HITTED FIRST ON THE BATTLE SCENE! FOLLOWING THE PLANNING GUNMAN COMES CAPTAIN BOYLE—WITH A COLUMN OF THE SIXTH CAVALRY!



DURING THE BATTLE FIGHTING, TIM AND CHITO DROP EARLY! WITH THE BLAZING TOWER SECONDLY LATER, AFTER THE OUTNUMBERED OUTLAWS SURRENDERED, THE MAYOR IS SHOT FROM THE TEXAN DEVIL'S FACE!



TIM HOLT

When the boys in the law ranching were often forced to pool their heads together for greater protection on the long drive to market and sometimes, their best is the leader of the drive was replaced. Then two heads, their hard-earned cash would march into the great western spurs, leaving behind fun for many and the rest—

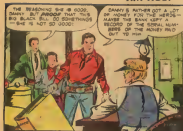
"MARK OF TREACHERY!"



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE THREE B BALOON...



LATER, AS THE EVENING SHADOWS FALL OVER THE DESERT...



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



SLAP YOUR HORSES AND
SAVE HIM, GUN GUY!
QUICK—BEFORE THEY
TAKES CHARGING AHEAD
OF!



THAT'S THE
JOB!
GET YOUR
HORSES,
AND WE'LL
A-GOIN' AFTER
THEM!



SEE THAT
THAT'S IT
ALL ABOUT?
THINGS
MOVE SO
FAST!
OH—BUT
THAT THE TEN DOLLAR
BILL WAS LATER BY
THE BANK! BUT BLACK
BILL HADN'T GIVEN
UP—WHEN IT
TURNED UP HE HAD A
QUICK EXPLANATION!
NOW IF HE HAD THE
MONEY—HE'S GOING
TO CHECK UP ON IT!



YOU DARNED FOOL!
DON'T! I TELL YOU
LET TO TOUCH THE
MONEY UNTIL THINGS
COOL DOWN!

BLACK BILL— I
DON'T TOUCH IT!
I DON'T KNOW
NOW THAT TEN-
DOLLAR BILL GOT
INTO THE GAME!



I'M GOING TO MAKE
SURE WHAT THE
DEUCE? THAT'S
ALL—YES AND
UNDERSTOOD!

I WAS A
FEAR
BLACK BILL!



THE HOLT TALKED HE
BE THE BOYS! WERE
GONE OUT TO KILL
THAT HORSE ON
RIGHT! AND HIS
SPAWNED AS, TOO!

I'LL GET
THE
BOYS!
WE'LL FIND
HOLT!



DON'T BOTHER LOOKING
FOR ME, BLACK BILL! I'M HERE!

I'M HERE, TOO, READY
TO FIGHT!

TIM HOLT



the GHOST RIDER

FOR YEARS THE OLD WOOD SHANT NORTH OF THE TOWN OF CACTUS GAP STOOD EMPTY, AND DESERTED. OLD LEGENDS TOLD OF FABULOUS WEALTH BENEATH ITS WARPED AND ROTTERN PLANKS, BUT THEY WOULD TOO, OR THE STRANGE DEATH THAT OVERCAME ALL WHO BRAVED THE TERRORS OF THAT ANCIENT SHANT TO LOOK FOR IT...

AND THEN CAME THE BRISTLE FIGURE OF THE GHOST RIDER TO FACE THE EVIL THREAT OF THE CURSED PIT AND THE DREAD OF LIVING MEN AS HE DELIBERATELY OFFERED HIS LIFE TO...

THE MURDERING MINE!



IT'S A HOT DAY AFTERNOON, THE FURY AND SING SONG MEN IN ON A HORSEBACK RIDING OVERLOOKING THE TOWERING WOODEN SHANT...

SO THAT'S THE OLD KILLER MINE / IT USED TO BELONG TO THE INDIAN YEARS AND WHEN A COUPLE OF MEN DIED — AND THE PLACE WAS CURSED!

WE SCARED / WE SHAKING ALL OVER!

THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT IT, I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT JUST WHY —

NO DO, RENTURY / SING SONG / PAID / PLEASE / NOT DO!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

WITH A QUICK FLIP OF HIS POWERFUL WRISTS, SEA PURRY WHIRLS THE BARREL SIDEWAYS— AND FOLLOWS IT IN A LONG DIVE!



AN
AFTER
STANDS
GUARD
AT THE
STORE
ACROSS
THE
STREET
AND DOWN
A FEW
DOORS IN
THE FINE
QUICK
GALLOON.





LOOK—
MORE OF
CRIMP'S
MEN!

HOW DON'T YOU
WORRY YOUR PRETTY
HEAD, MISS DEBBY—



MY BRONG AND
I KNOW HOW TO
HANDLE THEIR
KIND.

SHOOT
BOY!

LET ME
GO!



WHY NOT?

CLUNK!

WHAAAA!



NOW MAYBE FOLKS
CAN DO THEIR SHOPPING
AROUND HERE WITHOUT
RIGHTING OFF HALF
THE TOWN!

THUD!



ED CRIMP IS AFTER MY
RANCH—I HAVE THE BEST
GRASSLAND AND WATER IN
THE VALLEY! SINCE MY
PARENTS DIED, I'VE HAD TO
SCRATCH GRASS TO KEEP
MY TWO KID BROTHERS AND
MYSELF GOING. CRIMP
OFFERS TO BUY—BUT HE
WON'T PAY A DECENT PRICE.
NOW HE'S TRYING
TO FLEESE
ME OUT...

MMM—
DECKON I'LL
BE AROUND
HERE A WHILE!



THAT NIGHT, MEN IN THE HILLS.
SEX FURY DISAPPEARS—AND IN
HIS PLACE COMES—
THE SMOOT RIDER!

OH—
DIRECTOR—
OH!



3 STILL LATER THAT NIGHT, ED
CRIMP SITS ALONE IN HIS
SALOON OFFICE...

THE BOYS'LL MAKE UP FOR
THAT BEATING THEY TOOK
TODAY, EVEN IF I HAVE TO—
SLEEP—HMM—

WHAT
THAT?

TIM HOLT

▲ HOT FURY BEATS THROUGH ED CRUMP, SHOOTING UP A BURNIN' HE HURTLES DOWNSTAIRS — TOWARD A REDEYED WITH A PAIR OF SHORTY FEET!



SOME GOOD FLYIN'! A JOKE / I'LL TEACH HIM TO TRY STUNTIN' ON ED CRUMP! WAT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON!

WITH WILD FIRE AND SHAKING HANDS, CRUMP RUNS THROUGH THE NIGHT —



I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DOES IT... BUT I SURE AM... TO FIND OUT!

▲ AND THEN — SUDDENLY — LIKE A COLD MET — AN EYE WHO FILTERS THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD MENACE OF BOAT HILL...



HE'S NO MAN — HE'S A GHOST! AN' HE'S LED ME... RIGHT TO A GRAVE — MY GRAVE!



THIS IS A WARNING, ED CRUMP! FORGET THIS MAD ATTEMPT TO FORCE DESERAH LILLY AWAY FROM HER RANCH! YOU UNDERSTAND? LEAVE HER ALONE!

THE TRICK OF VENTRILOQUISM COMES IN HANDY ONCE IN A WHILE...

I'VE HEAR YUH I'VE PROMISE!

▲ DAWN BRUSHES THE HILLS WITH ROSE AND ORANGE AS THE GHOST RIDER RUMORS FROM THE SADDLE AND WALKS TOWARD THE OLD KING SHAF T...



DON'T KNOW AS I TRUST CRUMP AND WHILE I'M WAITING TO SEE IF HE PLAYS SQUARE, I'LL NEED A HIDEOUT. WHAT BETTER PLACE THAN — THE MORTUARY HOME?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL FIND — BUT I'M GOING DOWN ANYHOW!

MEANWHILE, A HELPS SHOOTER ED CRUMP TALKS IN HEARD WHISPERS TO HIS GUN-SLICKS IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE CACTUS CITY SALOON...



SOMEBODY — WEBS EVEN A GHOST — SURE THREW A SCARE INTO ME! WE GOT TO ACT NOW — OR NEVER! GET YORE BRONCOS, BE READY FOR A RIDE TONIGHT WE HIT THE LILLY RANCH FULL FORCE — AND BURN IT TO THE GROUND!

TIM HOLT



ALL DAY LONG
ED CRUMP AND
HIS BROTHERS
BUILT UP
THEIR COURAGE
AT THE BAR.

THAT EVENING
THEY MET THE
TWO HORSEBOYS
TOWARD THE
STEEPLE SPREAD—

WITHOUT A RANCH—
WITHOUT CORALS OR
BARNY OR STABLES—
THAT LIBBY GIRL WILL
GRAB AT WHATEVER PRICE
I GIVE HER! LET'S RIDE!

WATER— AT THE STEEPLE RANCH

DEBBY— A LOT OF
MEN OUTSIDE— WITH
TECHES! THEY'RE
STARTIN' TO BURN
DOWN THE
STABLES!

Chatter!



GOLD! GOLD ALL OVER!
BIG CHUCKS AND LITTLE
HAGGETS! A KING'S
FORTUNE! AND—
MY FEET! I
CAN'T MOVE!



I'M BEING GOING
DOWN! QUICKSAND!
THAT'S THE SECRET OF HOW
THIS MINE KILLS ITS PREY!
MEN SEE THE GOLD— LOSE
THEIR HEADS— GET DRAGN
UNDER THE SANDS!



WITH A STEADY PRESENCE OF
POWERFUL ARM-MUSCLES, THE
GHOST ROPER LIFTS HIMSELF UP
AGAINST THE STEADY Suction
OF THE QUICKSAND. HE
MIGGLE STRAIN! SWEAT BEARS
THE NIGHT SHADE'S BROW, AND
THEN THE SANDS LOOSEN.

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO SEE HOW A
MAN— DEBBY FOR GOLD— WOULD
BE SO OVERCOME WITH US FIND
THAT HE WOULDN'T NOTICE THE
Suction UNTIL— TOO LATE! A FEW
SECONDS MORE— AND EVENT WOULD
HAVE BEEN DRAGN UNDER!



SINCE THE MINE SHAFIT IS
ON MISS DEBORAH'S LAND—
THE GOLD IS IT BELONGS TO HER!
WITH IT SHE CAN HIRE MEN TO FIGHT
FOR HER AND— TRANSFORMATION!
A KING! AND IT'S ON HER
STEEPLE RANCH!

AS ED CRUMP'S HORSEBOYS TURN THEIR
ATTENTION FROM THE STABLE TO THE
HORNS, A BLACK MAN— HURDLE IN THE
DARKNESS, MOVING LIKE A STEADY
FORCE!

I COULDN'T SAVE THE STABLE—
BUT THE HOUSE AND BARN MAY
BE ANOTHER STORY—!





OUTLAW'S GOLD

HE QUARTERED down out of the scold-dented hills. His palest horse was exhausted, walking with drooping head, hoofs stumbling in the soft sand. The man in the saddle turned, looking behind him, wondering if the posse would come up over the top of that last hogback ridge.

Clem Tolliver was an outlaw. Walnut-handled Colts had carried him from the mining camps of Montana to the cattle ranges of Texas. He had been quick with those gun-hands. Too quick, he now realized. *I was just a kid, he thought bitterly. A smart-aleck hot-shot too big for his own breeches!* It was too late now to go back and change any of that.

But there was something he could do!

In the town ahead of him, there was a small blacksmith shop. In the store, set back against the rear wall, was a shelf. On the shelf was a dozen or more tin cans, filled with nails and bolts and nuts. One of those tin cans held gold, however. A fortune in dull, glimmering gold nuggets. Clem had put those nuggets there, two years ago.

Clem needed those nuggets now, needed them badly. He needed them to restore his self-respect. For the first time in his life, Clem Tolliver was ashamed of himself. His cheeks flamed red with anger at the thought of the way bearded Red Angus had tricked him. It was back in the heart of the Texas Hills where Angus had said to him, with a grim smile, "Join up with us, Tolliver. We're makin' a raid on the Elkhorn stage. It's making its regular run from the gold fields right 'bout now."

He had not wanted to join Angus' crew of hardcase billies. But a two-faced marshal, who wanted Tolliver's scalp for the sake of his reputation, had driven him from the Gulch region, over the Sierran Mountains, and across the salt flats into the Texas country.

It had been Clem who had drawn the short straw that night—which meant he stayed with the horses while the others crept through the sandstone bluffs above the Elkhorn trail and within rifle range of the stage. Clem still remembered the ominous drumming of hoofs as Angus and his crew had returned.

Red Angus had reined in his roan gelding, had snarled, "We got one of 'em. He put up a fight. The driver—killed him! Some horse named Johnson!"

But they got the gold. And part of Clem Tolliver had died as he looked down at it.

That driver had been Frank Johnson—who had been Clem's best friend.

Clem pulled the posse into a slow tree. The work had refreshed the animal. Now he ran with vigor and power in his thick-muscled limbs. Far ahead lay the dim stretches of the benchland outside Arroyo. He pushed the posse into a sandy cañon.

Within an hour, the false-fronted saloons and general stores of Arroyo loomed before him. His quick, alert eyes took in the millinery store, the Havemeyer apothecary. Down the dusty main street, between the livery stable and the Jenkins' funeral parlor nestled the blacksmith shop. He walked the posse into the cool shade of the smithy.

A big man, with muscles bulging on his bare, sweat-soaked arms, stopped the steady clanging of his hammer on the anvil to stare up at him. Under the shadow of his Station, Clem knew that his face would not be recognized, not at first, then as. A very smile twisted his lips as he swung from the saddle.

"Howdy, Jim," he said softly, waiting.

The big man started. His eyes widened. His lips thrashed as a heat of anger pulsed through him. With a savage gesture, he threw the hammer from him, and took a step forward.

"You! What do you want in Arroyo? Last time I saw you, I told you to stay away. For—what? What are you made of—scare?"

No, Clem reflected bitterly. I'm not made of scare. That's why I'm back here! But he relaxed. He knew that his brother Jim would do nothing; that he would not run down the street to sheriff Harkins' little office to spread the word that Clem Tolliver, the outlaw, was in town.

"I came for the gold," he said, gathering in to the dark rear of the smithy.

"It's the only honest money you ever made" smiled the big man.

"I know that. That's why I came for it. Any other money—wouldn't do!"

Clem reached past Jim, shaking loose a restraining hand. In his heightened, ornamented riding boots he walked across the dirt floor, fumbled for a moment under the dirty canvas tarpaulin. As his hands emerged, they brought with them a round tin can. The can was heavy, so heavy that he almost dropped it.

His fingers ripped open the top. He looked inside. The dull gleam of heavy gold nuggets stared up at him from inside the can, almost filling it. With a heavy sigh of relief, Clem thrust it under his arm. He found a sack in

the rubble of the smithy's doors, and put the can inside it.

Towering above him, his brother came to stand near him. "That's good, honest gold, Clem. What do you want with it?"

"It's mine. I got a right to use it—as I see fit."

He threw the sack across the saddle, looped the drawstrings across the iron pommel of his big Cheyenne saddle. Putting a foot into the ornate tapadero stirrup, he swung up into the bak. With a quick gesture of his hands, he reined the pinto around, and rode him out into the sunlight.

The Johnson ranch was small and weather-beaten. As Clem swung in from the south toward its flat sprawling width, he failed to note the three men who stirred suddenly at his passing. His eyes were all for the slim figure of Ella Mae, standing straight and proud beside the unpainted porch. As he drew closer, he saw that her blue eyes were fixed scornfully on his tall, slim figure.

As he reined in the pinto, she said grudgingly. "Clem Tolliver! What brings you back?"

He felt the flush rising on tanned cheeks. Silently, not daring to meet those calm eyes, he unlooped the drawstring of the sack hanging from the saddle pommel. Holding it in his hand, he swung down.

Clem held it out. "I don't know just how to put this. This is mine. It's come by an honest way. I—I want you to own it."

The first warning they had of the man coming across the sage flats toward them was when a bullet cut a round hole in the silk, less than an inch from Clem's fingers.

He threw himself on Ella Mae, carried her back onto the unpainted plank of the porch as a rumbling, screaming frenzy. Clem's right hand reached downward; came up with the heavy Colt Peace-maker, shining blue in the sunlight.

Now he saw them, running across the yard, looming big and ominous in their red shirts and blue jeans, their guns balking red flame at him. He felt a bullet rock his shoulder, heard the cloth rip and tear away.

"Then he was pushing Ella Mae before him into the big single room of the ranch house. "Get inside! It's Angus—Red Angus!"

"Your kind?" she spat. "Why are they shooting at you?"

"Because I'm a fool! I should have come to bring you the gold at night!"

Her surprise was audible as she gasped. "To bring me gold? Bunchy?"

He told her, and as he talked, her face mirrored her amazement. She interrupted, "But Frank isn't dead! He left me only a few hours ago, to make another run on the range!"

"Not—dead!" Clem choked. And then he laughed bitterly, savagely. What a fool he was, to have swallowed that story Red Angus told him! Angus had lied, knowing Clem would get that gold, to try and make reparations to Ella Mae. Red Angus himself had put the idea in him, as they had ridden off, with that posse hunting for them. He had said, "Be a fine thing if somebody could take care of that devil's widow. But none of us has any fortune put away." But he, Clem Tolliver, had a fortune—in good suggests, that he had found while prospecting the Ripawa, two years ago. And that was what Red Angus was after, now.

A bullet rattled through the thin plank of the door. Gunshots, and the shouts of angry men roared from the outside. A red flame of fury beat up through Clem. He shook off Ella Mae's hand; ran for the door, bare even, both his guns in his big hands. With a hard thrust of his booted he drove the door outward—followed it, both guns barking and flaming in his hands.

One of the outlaws came to a sudden stop as a bullet caught him above his belt-buckle. He bent over slowly, then fell that way, as if frozen. Another man drove lead at Clem from a nearby wagon, crashed down behind a big wheel. Clem found him with his fifth bullet. The man went backwards, turning a flip in midair. He hit the ground with a dull thud, and lay there, arms outstung, sightless eyes staring at the sky.

Clem twisted sideways, his eyes hunting Red Angus. A gun threw flame at him from a corner of the stable. Clem sent a bullet into the wood, drawing splinters, then he was running straight for the barn, huddled over. He did not care about himself now. All he thought about was Red Angus and his way of life—a way of life that he himself had embraced unthinkingly.

In the rolling thunder of gunfire, he did not hear the hoofbeats behind him; did not see the men gallop forward after him. Instead, he was around the corner, gun to gun with Red Angus, who opened wide eyes and fired.

He fired too late. A gun behind Clem had spoken, its bullet took Red Angus in the mouth. Clem wheeled, to see sheriff Hartman and a man who wore the federal marshal badge. The marshal was smiling. "So you're Clem Tolliver! Seems you had a run-in up north with another marshal. We found out he was crooked. He'd made up lies about you. I checked. You've never murdered a man in your life, except in fair gunplay. I need a good deputy marshal. You want to sign up?"

Clem sighed and holstered his guns. "Wister, you've made yourself a deal," he grinned. "Just for the record, I never robbed a man, either."

The three men turned and walked together toward Ella Mae, who was smiling happily.

TIM HOLT



When the bandits had whipped
 him out over the San Miguel
 mission in the year 1599, a gold
 and silver mine team on its
 way to Mexico was caught in
 the fierce, fierce struggle.
 Don Eduardo Batone wanted to
 save his fortune—

The boy Don Eduardo's
 was so good that the gold
 and silver was hidden for
 many years—until the day
 Tim Holt and Don came
 riding into the strange
 adventure of—

**"THE BANDITS AND THE
 BELL!"**



Don Eduardo Batone was in a hurry to
 bring arrows out down soldiers after
 soldiers. In his brain there burned only one
 thought—



MY GOLD! MY SILVER! IF I
 COULD ONLY HIDE IT, I COULD
 FLEE TO MEXICO—RETURN WITH
 MANY SOLDIERS! BUT WHERE—
 WHERE?

And then, at night, a hidden workman
 made a suggestion—

THE GREAT BRONZE BELL
 IS MOUNTED THERE. IT
 WILL HOLD MUCH GOLD
 AND MANY JEWELS.

IT WILL HAVE TO GO
 BY THE LIGHT OF THE
 MOON. WE SHALL LOO
 IT WITH AN ARROW
 AND MAKE IT
 BACK BEFORE DAWN.



TIM HOLT



Don't you ever
come back from
Mexico for a cent.
Any more, the hood-
gang hotted will
hood out on a
heavy platform, its
clamped blunt, the
old assosion coun-
dled into bones.
A new team sprang
up, and the heads
dropped in.

One night in early spring —

Three men — against
one! Let's even
those odds out!

So do — as soon
as I am for
take off my
new sweater!



Break it up,
boys! I'm taking
chips in the game!

Hum?

What?



I am in you you in
one moment — no!



Names one of you — well, Tag!
When — we get pushed! Well,
find out who
you jumped
one man —

Now they!



But as they jump in the fight, the cause of all the
trouble runs off into all the speed his shadow left can
muster —

Next time I'll make sure who's
doing what for I try to stop a
crime! That was — our lastest!



The sound of hard blows and
yelling was heard the shadow
on the run —

What's going on
here? Run, run
lads, up to
your old tricks!

Not this time,
boys. These
horses is
jumped us
for no reason
at all!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

As the sheriff and the posse
Rode out of town after midnight
Larsen's saddle his horse and
A horse off at a gallop in the
opposite direction...

SEE FORD! THIS IS HORRIBLE!
HAVING THESE TROUBLES WHILE
I AM RIDING THROUGH THE NIGHT
CARDS ARE HARD!



ANYWAY, SOMETHING
SEE TELL ME I AM
BE EVER MORE HAPPY
ABOUT SOON!



WOW! IT'S FORD! STANLEY
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
ONE OF FLP LARSEN'S
CREW! I ALMOST
ELIMINATED YOU!
YOU
WOW!
MAY



I WAS THE HORROR YOU SAID
LAST NIGHT! REASON I DON
RECKON AT THE THOUGHT OF
FLP LARSEN, I CAN OUT!
BUT NEVER REID
THAT CLIMB ABOARD
HIS HORSE THEN
HIS BAD BACK!
MUCH
DEARER



SOME MINUTES LATER AS THE SHERIFF RODE UP ON THE ROAD
DUST ROAD —

SHERIFF, BUT I DO HEAR A BONG
HORN! IT IS THE OTHER HORSE
LEADING TO THE MOUNTAINS!



THANKS, JIM, LET'S
GO! THAT TRAIL
BOYS!

NO NEED TO THANK ME FORD!
MY THANKS ARE ONE YOU FOR
SAVING ME FROM A BEATING! I
CAUGHT LARSEN AND HIS CREW
ABOUT TO STEAL THAT OLD
MOUNTAIN BELL, LIKE A POOL
I OUT IN!



WELL, STEAL
A BELL!

THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN FLOODING ME REASON
YOU CAN LEARN THE SHERIFF TO THAT
FLP LARSEN IS INTERESTED IN THAT OLD BELL
— YOU CAN TURN HIM OVER TO THE SHERIFF
AND SEND HIM OUT OF THE COUNTRY
A FREE MAN!



TIM HOLT

HOLDS AWAY AT THE SMALL BARBERShop TALKING UNDER CANTO'S LAUGHING JOKE THAT OF PRETTY BEAUTIFUL.



HA, HA, YOU ARE
SOME FINEER BEARD!

ERE TRUTH! NEVER
AM I BEING BOCK
PREET, PREET, BOCK
— A PREET
— HERE

HEY, STELLER—
COFFEE, AM
WHEEHEE!
— AND
— AROUND



AS OF ME, THERE
ARE THREE WARRIORS
AND THE GOOD
WAS, AM, ME TO
JAIL, SURPRISE! THEY
ARE FOR ME, I
— HE HERE!

WELL, HE
SHOULD
BE FIRST
TRY AT THE
BELL — BUT
WE'LL PUT IT
ALONG
TODAY!



"THERE WAS LUCKY WHEN YOU
FOUND THAT OLD BARK BELCHON
TO THAT BRANCH WERE FOR

SPECIALLY SINCE I CAN READ
WHAT LUCKY AM COULD TELL
JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING THEY
BUT IN THAT BELL.



BOLT, SILVER
JEWELS! UNDER
THAT BELL,
— COOPER!

I AM FOR BE GO
EVERYTHING! BUT
I AM BE BACK
I WANT TO
BE PROOF-A
FRIEND OF MINE



SOME HOUSE LATER, AS THE WARRIORS
ARE SET UP GETTING—

I FOUND THE
WARRIORS BOON
AROUND AS
IF HE WAS
LOOKING FOR—

CANTO! I AM
HAYING
NEWS
TO
MAKE THE
FALLO DROP
HERE OUT



As camp tells me story,
TWO AND TWO SURELY ARE
TOWARD THE STABLES —

— AM, SO HE BE, MAKE
ANOTHER TRY, TOWARD
FOR THE JEWELS
AND GOLD
BEN THE
BELL

THAT
EXPLAINS
EVERYTHING
COME ON



As the WARRIORS LEAVE IN CHOLLA
CITY GO ON, AND THE WARRIORS
CREEPS, ADDRESS THE OUTSIDE
OF TOWN.

MAKE THE FIRST GENTS:
WE DON'T WANT NO SPOOFERS
AROUND THERE TIME!

TIM HOLT



For exciting, real
outdoor action, you
can't beat these
topnotch western
comics . . .



AT YOUR
FAVORITE
NEWSTAND
NOW!

